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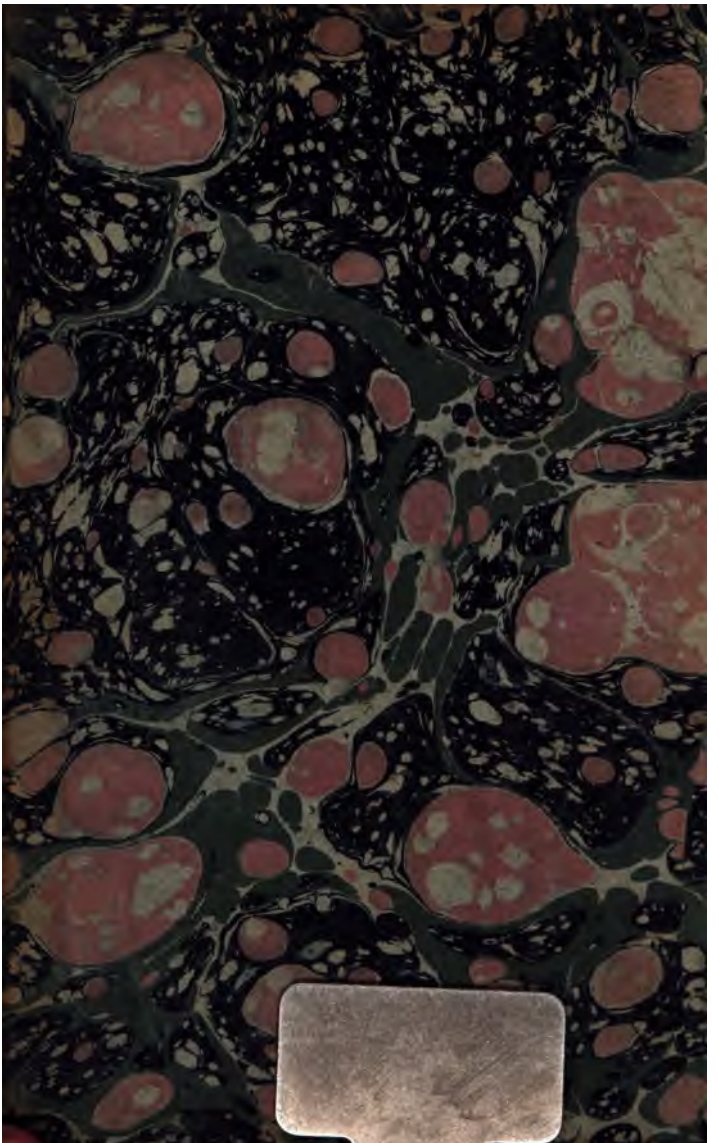

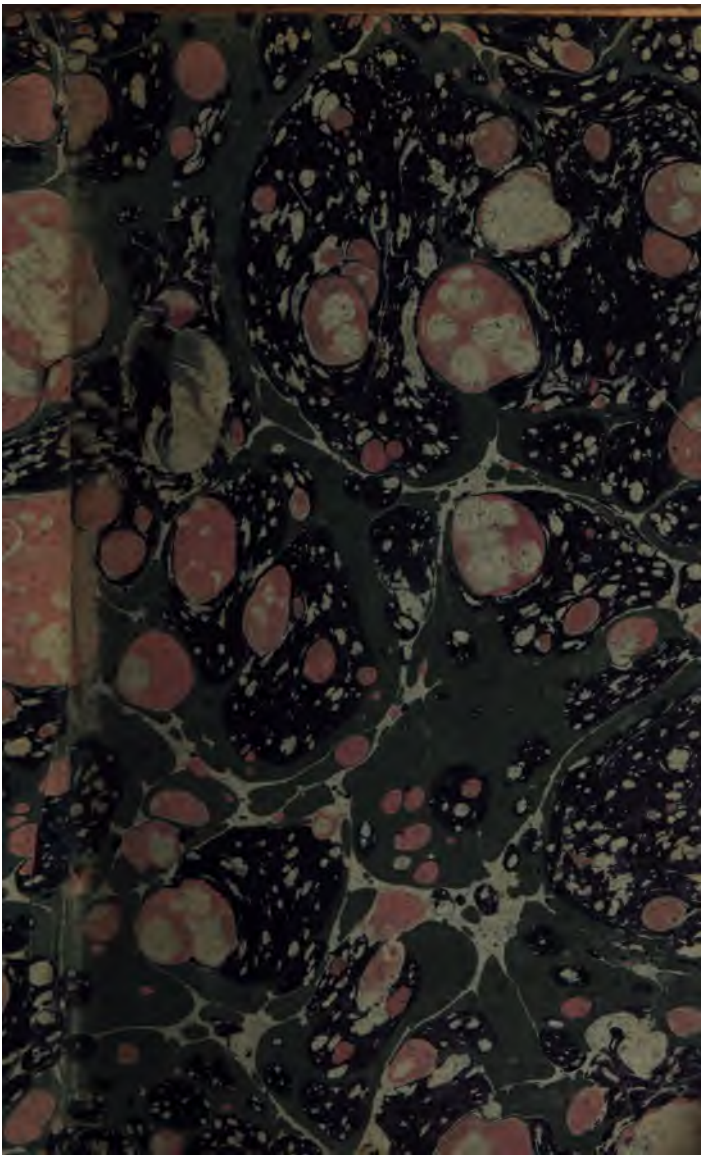

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POEMS.

POEMS.

ARMINE
and
ELVIRA.

Part 2 Stanza 24.

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Erskine Fortescue 1820.

ARMINE AND ELVIRA.

A Legendary Tale.

THE NINTH EDITION.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

EDMUND CARTWRIGHT, M. A.

INSCRIBED TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

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INSCRIPTION.

When Love, repaid for all his hours of pain,
Conducts the blushing bride to Hymen's fane,
There seals his vows, and reaps their rich reward,
Affection, friendship, duty, and regard
All join in gratulation, and prepare
Their bridal presents for the blooming fair.
Whate'er may boast of elegant design,
Each curious product of the loom or mine,
The richly-freighted casket, that displays
The pearl's soft lustre or the diamond's blaze,
The pictur'd tablet, and the sculptur'd gem,
All wait your hand; yet shall you not contemn

(So Hope persuades) these offerings that bring,
These simple field-flowers of life's early spring,
With others too combined of later bloom—
Nor brilliant hues they boast, nor rich perfume;
Yet shall they rise to unexpected fame,
Beneath the shelter of a BEDFORD's name;
A name that gives to mix'd emotions birth,
Applied to present and departed worth!
Now tears of joy, and now of grief, we shed,
As thought presents the living—or the dead!
How dear that name to me in every view!
Nor is it less endear'd as borne by you!

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE principal Poem in this collection, which was first given to the world in 1771, *having for many years been out of print, the author has been prevailed upon, chiefly from inducements alluded to in the proœmium, to publish it again in its present form, and with its present accompaniments. Should it meet with as favourable a reception now, as on its first appearance, he cannot fail of being gratified.*

For the Swedish Ode, which he has endeavoured to render into English verse, page 95, *he was indebted to the friendship of its illustrious author, Chevalier Edelcrantz*. Though but the feeble copy of a very beautiful original, the translation may be considered in some degree as a literary curiosity, being, perhaps, the first specimen of Swedish Poetry which has appeared in an English dress.*

* Chevalier Edelcrantz is Private Secretary to the King of Sweden, Knight of the Order of the Polar Star, one of the Eighteen Members of the Swedish Academy, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and the Royal Patriotic Society in Stockholm, Honorary Foreign Member of the Board of Agriculture in London, of the Society of Agriculture in France, and the Royal Society for the Investigation of Nature in Berlin.

PROŒMIUM.

Nor present fame nor posthumous renown
I idly seek, romantic hopes to crown.
To these let youth, undisciplined, aspire,
These phantoms of the Poet's vain desire!
Enough for me, that SUSAN's partial praise
My toil, if toil it may be call'd, repays;
Enough for me, her judgment else so true,
Borrowing its colour from Affection's hue,
Stamps its approving mark on all I try,
And bids me meet again the public eye.
Borne on the stream of life with prosperous gales,
Love, at her summons, fill'd my swelling sails,

Brought in his train of joys a countless throng,
And tides of pleasure drove my bark along!
What brilliant ensigns did that bark adorn,
While all was gay, and lucid as the morn!
But soon black tempests the bright scene deform,
And PIRATES seize the relics of the storm!
Dejected hope, so potent once to save,
Buoyant no more, now sinks beneath the wave!
Till then but half display'd Affection's power!
Her love, unchang'd in Fortune's trying hour,
Watch'd o'er my griefs, those griefs to soothe or share,
And from my pillow pluck'd the thorns of Care;
Arm'd me with firmness to sustain my part,
Nor let Despondence desolate my heart;

Taught me superfluous terrors to dismiss,
And read in present pain the future bliss!
From her what beams of consolation flow!
To her what love, what gratitude I owe!
If she then, partial to my verse, demand
These few collected trifles at my hand,
Tho' idly bent, I've pour'd no idle strain,
And tho' I've trifled, trifled not in vain.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF ARMINE AND ELVIRA.

BY

DR. LANGHORNE.

TRUE to the cares that led thy early youth
Thro' paths where Science points to Taste and Truth;
True to the hopes that letter'd Labour knows,
Watching the bloom of Genius as it blows;
True to the generous pleasures that attend,
When smiling fruits the cultur'd branches bend;
O! with that Muse, who gifts like these can give,
Live in long favour, long affection live!

For me, who once with happier fortunes blest,
Felt in the feast of life a finer zest;
Who gain'd, unloaded with a weight of years,
The post where ev'ry human vessel steers;
Since Death, with Nature's noblest works at strife,
Quench'd the fair star that smil'd upon my life:
For me what charms, what lenitives remain,
Save the soft measures of some soothing strain?
And such were thine*: when in that lowly shade
Where now long lost my tender hopes are laid,
Thy tuneful woe stole sweetly on my ear,
And thy eye swell'd the universal tear.

* Alluding to Constantia, an Elegy to the Memory of Mrs. L——.

For such fair service may thy gentle heart,
Where once I held, and long would hold a part,
Should it beneath almighty Love's controul
Sigh for the mutuality of soul,
Meet each mild virtue in its future fair,
Like ARMINE love, and find ELVIRA there.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Armine and Elvira, Part I.	1
——— Part II.	17
Sonnet to Miss Cust	47
Elegies.	
In Memory of a Lady	49
On the Death of a Friend	61
To Mr. Gray	65
Odes.	
Prince of Peace	69
To the Earl of Effingham	85
From the Latin of Mr. Gray	91
To Sleep	93
Youth and Age	95
Sonnets.	
Written under a Statue of Hymen, 1779	101
Sonnet	103
Written on revisiting D——	105
Sonnet	107
Written in the Spring, 1790	109
To Sir William Jones	111
To William Hayley, Esq	113

Sonnets. Page

To Mr. Warton 151
To Dr. Watson 117
To Dr. Thurlow 119
To a Libertine Friend 121
Written in the Year, 1793 123
Written in the same Year..... 125
Ad Somnum 126
A birth-day Epigram 128
The Extent of Sympathetic Affliction 129
On its being sarcastically observed that Dr. Miller had locked up a Field in which was nothing valuable but a Sand-pit 130
Inscription for a Bust of Francis late Duke of Bedford 131

ERRATA.

Page 32, line 8, for *slumbers* read *slumber*
— 70, — 8, for *The* read *And*
— 81, — 8, dele the *comma* after *spread* and insert a *period*
— 96, — 10, dele the *comma* after *wreath*
— 109, — 7, for *brave* read *prove*
— 111, — 9, for *rest* read *rests*
— 128, — 3, for *had* read *has*

ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

PART I.

A HERMIT on the banks of Trent,
Far from the world's bewildering maze,
To humbler scenes of calm content,
Had fled from brighter, busier days.

" And sure that Heaven my hopes shall bless,
" And make thee fam'd for virtues fair,
" And happy too, if happiness
" Depend upon a parent's pray'r.

" Last hope of life's departing day,
" In whom its future scenes I see!
" No truant thought shall ever stray
" From this lone hermitage and thee."

Thus, to his humble fate resign'd,
His breast each anxious care foregoes;
All but the care of ARMINE's mind,
The dearest task a parent knows!

And well were all his cares repaid;
In ARMINE's breast each virtue grew,
In full maturity display'd
To fond Affection's anxious view.

Nor yet neglected were the charms,
To polish'd life that grace impart;
Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms
Till Science humanize the heart.

And when he saw the lawless train
Of passions in the youthful breast,
He curb'd them not with rigid rein,
But strove to sooth them into rest.

" Think not, my son, in this," he cry'd,
" A father's precept shall displease:
" No—be each passion gratify'd
" That tends to happiness or ease.

" Nor shall th' ungrateful task be mine
" Their native generous warmth to blame,
" That warmth if Reason's suffrage join
" To point the object and the aim.

" This suffrage wanting, know, fond boy,
" That every passion proves a foe;
" Tho' much it deal in promis'd joy,
" It pays, alas! in certain woe.

" Complete Ambition's wildest scheme;
" In Power's all-brilliant robes appear;
" Indulge in Fortune's golden dream;
" Then ask thy breast if Peace be there:

" No: it shall tell thee, Peace retires
" If once of her lov'd friends depriv'd;
" Contentment calm, subdu'd desires,
" And happiness that's self-deriv'd."

To temper thus the stronger fires
Of youth he strove, for well he knew
Boundless as thought tho' man's desires,
The real wants of life were few.

And oft revolving in his breast
Th' insatiate lust of wealth or fame,
He, with no common care opprest,
To Fortune thus would oft exclaim:

" O Fortune! at thy crowded shrine
" What wretched worlds of suppliants bow!
" For ever hail'd thy pow'r divine,
" For ever breath'd the serious vow.

" With tottering pace and feeble knee
" See Age advance in shameless haste;
" The palsy'd hand is stretched to thee
" For wealth he wants the power to taste.

" See, led by Hope the youthful train,
" Her fairy dreams their hearts have won;
" She points to what they ne'er shall gain,
" Or dearly gain——to be undone.

" Must I too form the votive prayer,
" And wilt thou hear one suppliant more?
" His prayer, O Fortune, deign to hear,
" To thee who never pray'd before.

" O may one dear, one favour'd youth,
" May ARMINE still thy pow'r disclaim;
" Kneel only at the shrine of Truth,
" Count freedom wealth, and virtue fame."

Lo! to his utmost wishes blest
The prayer was heard; and Freedom's flame,
And Truth, the sunshine of the breast,
Were ARMINE's wealth, were ARMINE's fame.

His heart no selfish cares confin'd,
He felt for all that feel distress,
And, still benevolent and kind,
He blest them, or he wish'd to bless.

For what tho' Fortune's frown deny
With wealth to bid the sufferer live?
Yet Pity's hand can oft supply
A balm she never knew to give:

Can oft with lenient drops assuage
The wounds no ruder hand can heal,
When Grief, Despair, Distraction rage,
While Death the lips of Love shall seal.

Ah then, his anguish to remove,
Depriv'd of all his heart holds dear,
How sweet the still surviving love
Of Friendship's smile, of Pity's tear!

This knew the sire: he oft would cry,
"From these, my son, O ne'er depart!
"These tender charities, that tie
"In mutual league the human heart.

" Be thine those feelings of the mind
" That wake at Honour's, Friendship's call;
" Benevolence, that unconfin'd
" Extends her liberal hand to all.

" By Sympathy's untutor'd voice
" Be taught her social laws to keep;
" *Rejoice with them that do rejoice,*
" *And weep with them that weep.*

" The heart that bleeds for others woes,
" Shall feel each selfish sorrow less;
" His breast, who happiness bestows,
" Reflected happiness shall bless.

" Each ruder passion tho' withstood
" That breaks o'er Virtue's sober line,
" The tender, noble, and the good
" To cherish and indulge be thine.

" And yet, my ARMINE, might I name
" One passion as a dangerous guest?
" Well may'st thou wonder when I blame
" The tenderest, noblest, and the best.

" Nature, 'tis true, with love design'd
" To smooth the race our fathers ran,
" The savage of the human kind
" By love was soften'd into man.

" As feels the ore the searching fire,
" Expanding and refining too,
" So fairer glow'd each fair desire,
" Each gentle thought so gentler grew.

" How chang'd, alas! those happier days!
" A train how different now succeeds!
" While sordid Avarice betrays,
" Or empty Vanity misleads.

" Fled from the heart each nobler guest,
" Each genuine feeling we forego;
" What Nature planted in the breast,
" The flowers of Love are weeds of Woe.

" Hence all the pangs the heart must feel
" Between contending passions tost,
" Wild Jealousy's avenging steel,
" And life and fame and virtue lost!

" Yet falling life, yet fading fame,
" Compar'd to what his heart annoy
" Who cherishes a hopeless flame,
" Are terms of happiness and joy.

" Ah then the soft contagion fly!
" And timely shun th' alluring bait!"—
The rising blush, the downcast eye
Proclaim'd—the precept was too late.

END OF PART I.

ARMINE AND ELVIRA.

PART II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
Where Art had form'd the moated isle,
An antique castle towering stood,
In Gothic grandeur rose the pile.

Here RAYMOND, long in arms renown'd,
From scenes of war would oft repair;
His bed an only daughter crown'd,
And smil'd away a father's care.

By Nature's happiest pencil drawn,
She wore the vernal morning's ray:
The vernal morning's blushing dawn
Breaks not so beauteous into day.

Her breast, impatient of controul,
Scorn'd in its silken chains to lie,
And the soft language of the soul
Flow'd from her never silent eye.

The bloom that open'd on her face
Well seem'd an emblem of her mind,
Where snowy innocence we trace,
With blushing modesty combin'd.

To these resistless grace impart
That look of sweetness form'd to please,
That elegance, devoid of art,
That dignity that's lost in ease.

What youth so cold could view unmov'd
The maid that every beauty shar'd?
Her ARMINE saw, he saw, he lov'd,
He lov'd—alas! and he despair'd!

Unhappy youth! he sunk opprest;
For much he labour'd to conceal
That gentlest passion of the breast
Which all can feign, but few can feel.

Ingenuous fears supprest the flame,
Yet still he own'd its hidden power;
With transport dwelling on her name,
He sooth'd the solitary hour.

" How long," he cry'd, " must I conceal
" What yet my heart could wish were known?
" How long the truest passion feel,
" And yet that passion fear to own?

" Ah might I breathe my humble vow!
" Might she too deign to lend an ear!
" ELVIRA's self should then allow
" That ARMINE was at least sincere.

" Wild wish! to deem the matchless maid
" Would listen to a youth like me,
" Or that my vows could e'er persuade,
" Sincere and constant tho' they be!

" Ah what avail my love or truth?
" She listens to no lowly swain;
" Her charms must bless some happier youth,
" Some youth of Fortune's titled train.

" Then go, fallacious hope! adieu!
" The flattering prospect I resign;
" And bear from my deluded view
" The bliss that never must be mine!

" Yet will the youth, whoe'er he be,
" In truth or tenderness excel?
" Or will he on thy charms like me
" With fondness never dying dwell?

" Will he with thine his hopes unite?
" With ready zeal thy joys improve?
" With fond attention and delight
" Each wish prevent, each fear remove?

" Will he, still faithful to thy charms,
" For constant love be long rever'd?
" Nor quit that heaven within thy arms
" By every tender tie endear'd?

" What tho' his boastful heart be vain
" Of all that birth or fortune gave?
" Yet is not mine, tho' rude and plain,
" At least as noble and as brave?

" Then be its gentle suit preferr'd!
" Its tender sighs ELVIRA hear!
" In vain—I sigh—but sigh unheard:
" Unpitied falls this lonely tear!"

Twice twelve revolving moons had past
Since first he caught the fatal view;
Unchang'd by time his sorrows last,
Uncheer'd by hope his passion grew.

That passion to indulge, he sought
In RAYMOND's groves the deepest shade,
There Fancy's haunting spirit brought
The image of his long-lov'd maid.

But hark! what more than mortal sound
Steals on attention's raptur'd ear!
The voice of Harmony around
Swells in wild whispers soft and clear.

Can human hand a tone so fine
Sweep from the string with touch prophane?
Can human lip with breath divine
Pour on the gale so sweet a strain?

'Tis she—the source of ARMINE's woe—
'Tis she—whence all his joy must spring—
From her lov'd lips the numbers flow,
Her magic hand awakes the string.

Now, ARMINE, now thy love proclaim,
Thy instant suit the time demands;
Delay not—tumult shakes his frame!
And lost in ecstasy he stands!

What magic chains thee to the ground?
What star malignant rules the hour,
That thus in fix'd delirium drown'd,
Each sense intranc'd hath lost its pow'r.

The trance dispel! awake, arise!
Speak what untutor'd Love inspires!
The moment's past—thy wild surprise
She sees, nor unalarm'd retires.

" Stay, sweet illusion! stay thy flight!
" 'Tis gone!—ELVIRA's form it wore—
" Yet one more glimpse of short delight!
" 'Tis gone to be beheld no more!

" Fly, loitering feet! the charm pursue
" That plays upon my hopes and fears!
" Hah!—no illusion mocks my view!
" 'Tis she—ELVIRA's self appears!

" And shall I on her steps intrude?
" Alarm her in these lonely shades?
" O stay, fair nymph! no ruffian rude
" With base intent your walk invades.

" Far gentler thoughts"—his faultering tongue
By humble diffidence restrain'd,
Paus'd in suspence—but thus ere long,
As Love impell'd, its power regain'd:

" Far gentler thoughts that form inspires!
" With me far gentler passions dwell;
" This heart hides only blameless fires,
" Yet burns with what it fears to tell.

" The faultering voice that fears controul,
" Blushes that inward fires declare,
" Each tender tumult of the soul
" In silence owns ELVIRA there."

He said: and as the trembling dove
Sent forth t'explore the watery plain,
Soon fear'd her flight might fatal prove,
And sudden sought her ark again,

His heart recoil'd; as one that rued
What he too hastily confest,
And all the rising soul subdued
Sought refuge in his inmost breast.

The tender strife ELVIRA saw
Distrest; and as some parent mild,
When arm'd with words and looks of awe,
Melts o'er the terrors of her child,

Reproof prepar'd and angry fear
In soft sensations died away,
They felt the force of ARMINE's tear,
And fled from Pity's rising sway.

" That mournful voice, that modest air,
" Young stranger, speak the courteous breast,
" Then why to these rude scenes repair,
" Of shades the solitary guest?

" And who is she whose fortunes bear
" ELVIRA's melancholy name?
" O may those fortunes prove more fair,
" Than her who sadly owns the same."

" Ah gentle maid, in mine survey
" A heart," he cries, " that's your's alone!
" Long has it own'd ELVIRA's sway,
" Tho' long unnotic'd and unknown.

" On SHERWOOD's old heroic plain
" ELVIRA grac'd the festal day;
" There, foremost of the youthful train,
" Her ARMINE bore the prize away.

" There first that form my eyes survey'd,
" With future hopes that fill'd my heart;
" But ah! beneath that frown they fade—
" Depart, vain vanquish'd hopes, depart."

He said; and on the ground his eyes
Were fixt abash'd: th' attentive maid,
Lost in the tumult of surprise,
The well-remember'd youth survey'd.

The transient colour went and came,
The struggling bosom sunk and rose,
The trembling tumults of her frame,
The strong conflicting soul disclose.

The time, the scene she saw with dread,
Like CYNTHIA setting, glanc'd away,
But scatter'd blushes as she fled,
Blushes that spoke a brighter day.

A friendly shepherd's neighbouring shed
To pass the live-long night he sought,
And hope, the Lover's downy bed,
A sweeter charm than slumbers brought.

On every thought ELVIRA dwelt,
The tender air, the aspect kind,
The pity that he found she felt,
And all the angel in her mind.

No self-plum'd vanity was there,
With fancy'd consequence elate;
Unknown to her the haughty air,
That means to speak superior state.

Her brow no keen resentments arm,
No swell of empty pride she knew,
In trivial minds that takes th' alarm,
Should humble love aspire to sue.

Such love, by flattering charms betray'd,
Shall yet, indignant, soon rebel,
And, blushing for the choice he made,
Shall fly where gentler virtues dwell.

'Tis then the mind, from bondage free,
And all its former weakness o'er,
Asserts it native dignity,
And scorns what Folly priz'd before.

The scanty pane the rising ray
On the plain wall in diamonds threw,
The lover hail'd the welcome day,
And to his favorite scene he flew.

There soon ELVIRA bent her way,
Where long her lonely walks had been,
Nor less had the preceding day,
Nor ARMINE less endear'd the scene.

Oft, as she pass'd, her rising heart
Its stronger tenderness confess'd,
And oft she linger'd to impart
To some safe shade her secret breast.

" How slow the heavy hours advance,
She cry'd, " since that eventful day,
" When first I caught the fatal glance,
" That stole me from myself away!

" Ah, youth below'd, tho' low thy birth,
" The noble air, the manly grace,
" That look that speaks superior worth
" Can fashion, folly, fear erase!

" Yet sure from no ignoble stem
" Thy lineage springs, tho' now unknown:
" The world censorious may condemn,
" But ARMINE, I am thine alone.

" To splendor only do we live?
" Must pomp alone our thoughts employ?
" All, all that pomp and splendor give
" Is dearly bought with love and joy!

" But oh—the favour'd youth appears—
" In pensive grief he seems to move:
" My heart forebodes unnumber'd fears;
" Support it Pity, Virtue, Love!

" Hither his footsteps seem to bend—
" Come, Resolution, to my aid!
" My breast what varying passions rend!
" Averse to go—to stay—afraid!

" Dear object of each fond desire
" That throbs tumultuous in my breast!
" Why with averted glance retire?
" At ARMINE's presence why distrest?

" What tho' he boast no titled name,
" No wide extent of rich domain?
" Yet must he feed a fruitless flame,
" Must truth and nature plead in vain?

" Think not," she said, " by forms betray'd,
" To humbler worth my heart is blind;
" For soon shall every splendor fade,
" That beams not from the gifted mind.

" But first thy heart explore with care,
" With faith its fond emotions prove;
" Lurks no unworthy passion there?
" Prompts not ambition bold to love?"

" Yes, lovely maid," the youth replies,
" A bold ambition prompts my breast,
" The tow'ring hope that love supplies,
" The wish in blessing to be blest.

" The meaner prospects I despise,
" That wealth, or rank, or power bestow;
" Be yours the groveling bliss ye prize,
" Ye sordid minds that stoop so low!

" Be mine the more refin'd delights
" Of love that banishes controul,
" When the fond heart with heart unites,
" And soul 's in unison with soul."

ELVIRA blush'd the warm reply,
(To love a language not unknown)
The milder glories fill'd her eye,
And there a softer lustre shone.

The yielding smile that's half supprest,
The short quick breath, the trembling tear,
The swell tumultuous of the breast
In ARMINE's favour all appear.

At each kind glance their souls unite,
While Love's soft sympathy imparts
The tender transport of delight,
That beats in undivided hearts.

Respectful to his lips he prest
Her yielded hand; in haste away
Her yielded hand she drew distrest,
With looks that witness'd wild dismay.

" Ah whence, fair excellence, those fears?
" What terror unforeseen alarms?"
" See! where a father's frown appears"—
She said, and sunk into his arms.

" My daughter! heavens! it cannot be—
" And yet it must—O dire disgrace!
" ELVIRA have I liv'd to see
" Clasp'd in a peasant's vile embrace?

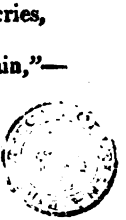
" This daring guilt let death repay"—
His vengeful arm the javelin threw;
With erring aim it wing'd its way,
And far by Fate averted flew.

ELVIRA breathes—her pulses beat,
Returning life illumes her eye;
Trembling, a father's view to meet,
She spies a reverend Hermit nigh.

" Your wrath," she cries, " let tears assuage—
" Unheeded must ELVIRA pray?
" O let an injur'd father's rage
" This Hermit's sacred presence stay!

" Yet, deem not, lost in guilty love,
" I plead to save my virgin fame;
" My weakness Virtue might approve,
" And smile on Nature's holy flame."

" O welcome to my hopes again,
" My son," the raptur'd Hermit cries,
" I sought thee sorrowing on the plain,"—
And all the father fill'd his eyes.



" Art thou," the raging RAYMOND said,
" Of this audacious boy the sire?
" Curse on the dart that idly sped,
" Nor bade his peasant soul expire!"

" His peasant soul!"—indignant fire
Flash'd from the conscious father's eye,
" A gallant Earl is ARMINE'S sire,
" And know, proud chief, that Earl am I.

" Tho' here, within the hermit's cell,
" I long have liv'd unknown to fame,
" Yet crowded camps and courts can tell—
" Thou too hast heard of EGBERT's name."

" Hah! EGBERT! he, whom tyrant rage
" Forc'd from his country's bleeding breast?
" The patron of my orphan age,
" My friend, my warrior stands confest!

" But why?"—" The painful story spare,
" That prostrate youth," said EGBERT, " see:
" His anguish asks a parent's care,
" A parent once who pitied thee!"

RAYMOND, as one, who glancing round,
Seems from some sudden trance to start,
Snatch'd the pale lovers from the ground,
And held them trembling to his heart.

Joy, gratitude, and wonder shed
United tears o'er Hymen's reign,
And Nature her best triumph led,
For Love and Virtue join'd her train.

THE END.

SONNET.

TO MISS CUST,

(NOW MRS. REYNARDSON.)

WITH trembling hope the Muse's hand essays
To deck with fairest flowers CONSTANTIA'S grave;
Her plaintive voice, solicitous to save,
With fond, tho' vain attempt, her charms displays:
Tho' vain th' attempt, tho' fruitless be the lays,
Not unrewarded is the Muse's toil;
With pride she boasts a CUST'S approving smile,
With pride she boasts that you have deign'd to praise!

Can you then pardon with presumptuous aim
If thus she strive her honours to prolong?
Her envied lot ambitious to proclaim,
If thus she venture to inscribe your name?
Your living charms bear witness to the song—
Your smile approv'd it, and that smile is fame.

AN

ELEGY,

IN MEMORY OF A LADY.

THE transient gleam of earthly joy
May soothe awhile the sense of pain,
Our fluttering hearts awhile employ,
That soon shall mourn its fleeting reign.

For lo! to blast the smiling sky
By hope and joy pourtray'd so fair,
The fiend of anguish hovers nigh,
And spreads the darkness of despair.

Tho' stoic pride may smile at woe,
Unmov'd at sorrow's pensive gloom;
While memory lives, or tears can flow,
This heart shall mourn CONSTANTIA's doom!

Yes, dear departed shade! to thee
The frequent tear I'll duely pay,
Nor e'er, till grief shall cease to be,
Shall friendship cease her tender lay.

On thee her fondest thoughts shall dwell,
She still shall place thy form in view,
And every charm she lov'd so well
By Memory's aid shall bloom anew:

The open heart, the polish'd mind,
The manners gentle, kind, and free,
The easy wit, the sense refin'd,
And native sensibility.

But ah, why thus the loss renew,
Why thus in fruitless grief deplore?
Painful the retrospective view
Of charms we must behold no more.

Reflection, spare the tortur'd mind!
Retentive Memory, cease the strain!
Nor thus, officiously unkind,
Awake the sleeping strings of pain.

Ah! now I see the tyrant Death,
With icy hand and flinty heart,
Prepar'd to snatch thy lingering breath,
While Pain assists to point his dart.

Yet e'en, in this terrific scene,
I see thee sinking calmly down:
In vain upon that brow serene
Would Death himself imprint a frown.

E'en now I see thee all resign'd,
Prepar'd to meet thy awful doom!
No guilty terrors shake thy mind,
Or hover round thy peaceful tomb.

But still, as tho' they wish'd to save,
(The inmates of thy gentle breast)
The Virtues fair frequent the grave,
CONSTANTIA, where thy ashes rest.

Fair Truth is there, she grieves to see
Her mansion crumbling into dust;
For sure she ever found in thee
A heart to all her dictates just.

She too, of aspect mild and bland,
Kind Charity is heard deplore;
She fondly grasps thy clay-cold hand,
She weeps to find it warm no more!

The tender Passions o'er thy tomb
With fond solicitude incline:
Soft Pity weeps thy early doom,
And Friendship bleeds at Virtue's shrine.

Hope's tow'ring eye is fix'd on earth,
Nor longer seeks its native sky;
Joy paints no more her scenes of mirth,
E'en firm-ey'd Patience heaves a sigh!

Ah! shall that liberal hand be cold,
That Indigence so warm hath found?
Its lenient aid shall it with-hold,
Nor deal beneficence around?

Are then thy charms for ever flown?
Those eyes shall Death's dim hand obscure?
Eyes, where in mild effulgence shone
The fond affections warm and pure!

And shall that heart, for ever dead,
Indulge no more the wish to bless?
And shall those eyes no longer shed
The balm of pity on distress!

Mysterious Providence! thy ways
O how inscrutable to man!
Why else to Vice her length of days?
To Virtue why so short a span?

Is it, that Virtue trembling flies
From Vice's rude contagious air!
Glad to resume her native skies,
To fly from Vanity and Care?

Is it, that on this earthly stage,
Thro' life's dull scene of varied woe,
No object rises to engage,
Those smiles which Virtue can bestow?

And yet, by love and fortune blest,
To thee an envied bliss was known;
'Twas thine to share a kindred breast,
A soul congenial to thy own!

'Twas thine to live belov'd, ador'd,
By him whom most thy heart approv'd:
What greater bliss can life afford
By those we love, than to be lov'd?

Pleasure so pure can pomp impart,
Can wealth bestow, or fame display?
No, L————, let thy faithful heart
In this bear witness to my lay.

From life's best joys now doom'd to part,
With fruitless aim that thousands seek,
Ah let not, valued friend! thy heart
In the distressful struggle break!

Let Friendship's tender hand dispel
  Thy gushing tears, thy woes deceive!
In vain—for my own feelings tell
  She wants the balm she strives to give!

What tho' calm Reason seem to say
  "Suppress thy unavailing sighs;"
Yet when wild Passion would obey,
  "Indulge thy sorrows," Nature cries.

Let then, my friend, her voice prevail,
  True to whate'er she would inspire:
But let Affliction's ruder wail
  Be softened to the Muse's lyre.

So may the plaintive pow'rs of song
Thy bosom's tender griefs display;
And sweetly querulous prolong
The sad, the sorrow-soothing lay.

So may the Muse that loves to grieve,
Her strains into thy breast instil,
Melodious as the bird's of eve,
In* MARO's lay, that murmurs still.

So may thy lov'd, lamented fair,
Thro' time survive, an envied name!
Enabled in thy verse to share
A LUCY or a LAURA's fame.

* Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ, &c.

AN

ELEGY,

ON THE

DEATH OF A FRIEND.

WRITTEN AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
Munere.

To friendship true, while melts thy honest heart,
O B——! in tears of sympathetic woe;
Let me, my friend, too share the mournful part,
And in one tide our blended sorrows flow!

Still as his mem'ry lives within our breasts,
Our kindred souls shall heave the sigh sincere;
And o'er the sacred tomb where R—— rests,
Together oft we'll shed the pensive tear.

Tho' vain the tear, and fruitless ev'ry sigh,
(All now that beggar'd Friendship can repay!)
Love's plaintive voice, and Sorrow's streaming eye,
Shall mark the turf where lies no vulgar clay.

Rest, honour'd shade! while o'er thy humble grave,
With pious care the duteous Muse shall strew
Her choicest flow'rs, as anxious still to save
Thy name, embalm'd in Friendship's holy dew.

In vain for thee indulgent Fortune smil'd!
In vain for thee a parent's ceaseless pray'rs
Invoked each blessing on her fav'rite child,
The last fond hope of her declining years!

Her hope no more—since Death, with brow severe,
Deaf to the moving eloquence of woe,
Gloomily glad beholds a mother's tear,
And strikes with surer aim the ruthless blow.

Oh! had that arm withheld its hostile rage,
From the dear object of a parent's pray'r,
His filial love had cheer'd her widow'd age,
And stopp'd the speeding darts of Time and Care!

And are they fled! those scenes of social ease,
By Fancy form'd remote from vulgar strife?
Of smiling love and calm domestic peace,
That scatter sunshine on the stream of life?

Where are the joys by flattering Hope supplied?
Dear distant dreams of yet unknown delight?
When health flow'd vig'rous in the purple tide?
And youth still painted every landscape bright?

O Death! last limit of our low desires!
What awful truths thy silent scenes display?
With Life's pale lamp the star of Hope expires,
And Fancy closes her delusive day!

ELEGY,

TO MR. GRAY.

From the Latin of Mr. Ansty, prefixed to his translation of the Elegy written in a Country Church Yard.

BENEATH the silent shade, the solemn gloom,
Where Night and Stillness reign, O Bard divine!
I too would wander near the lonely tomb,
And strike my lyre in unison with thine.

To sit unheeded in the hamlet's cell,
In pensive mood to range the rural grove,
Beneath the rustic's humble roof to dwell,
And near the brook, and o'er the lawn to rove,

Thy Muse would deign; above the vaulted sky
Tho' wing'd to soar, and "keep her distant way,"
The bird of Jove's ethereal heights to try,
And rise with Pindar to the realms of day.

If not displeas'd the Latian Muse to hear,
To thy sweet lays who tunes her classic reed;
If her aspiring numbers sooth thine ear,
Thy smile approving if her envy'd meed;

Haply reclin'd by silver Anio's side,
Some swain may teach the list'ning groves thy name,
And Tiber, as he rolls his yellow tide
By many a rustic tomb, resound thy fame.

When o'er thy grave each drooping Muse shall wail,
And strive in vain to wake thy sleeping fire,
When on thy dull cold ear shall nought avail,
CASTALIA's murmurs or APOLLO's lyre.

Then shall the Muse (tho' thy unnoted doom
No pageantry proclaim) her off'rings pour;
For ever languish o'er thy grassy tomb,
And cherish with her tears each rising flow'r.

THE

PRINCE OF PEACE,

AN ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1779, DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

O THOU! that on the sapphire throne
Of Glory seated, look'st on human race
With Mercy's radiant eye! still deign to own,
Tho' much their madness slight thy proffer'd grace,
The sons of thoughtless ALBION! write thy law
Fresh in their hearts! that now, on blood intent,
With complicated vengeance, strive to draw
The thunders down of Heaven's keen punishment!
Plac'd at the dread right-hand of POWER SUPREME
Extend thy mercy still! still mighty to redeem!

Black with no crimes of common dye,
No common woes involve a guilty land:
Revengeful War's loud clangors rend the sky,
Terror and frantic Rage around her stand.
Afflicted Commerce flies to happier shores,
With Peace retiring, courts the prosperous gale;
The sad secession Industry deplores,
The mutual Confidence and Plenty fail.
Palc Want and dark Distrust and deadly Fear
A gloomier hour portend, and evils more severe!

See War stalk forth with giant stride!
Far o'er the western waves she bends her course;
In brothers' blood her gory garments dy'd!
While Britons Britons meet with hostile force.

Ah what avail, to stem the rising flame
That Civil Discord's baleful torch supplies,
Or Reason's voice, or Nature's feeble claim,
Or ancient amity, or kindred ties!
Vain useless all! the raging dæmon reigns
From cold CANADIA's hills to GEORGIA's distant plains.

Ah! better far, in Ocean's breast
If undiscover'd still those regions lay!
If still no pilot, turning to the west,
Pursued the star of eve's retiring ray!
In evil hour, alas ill-fated land!
The bold COLUMBUS first thy coast explor'd,
With prow adventurous sought thy unknown strand,
And midst thy wondering sons his navy moor'd.

Soon as the prosperous bark in triumph rode,
With more than mortal hopes his bosom glow'd.

What varied wonder fill'd his mind,
All EDEN rising to his raptur'd view!
Here dwelt, he deems, the first of human kind,
And here the trees of life and knowledge grew.
THE ISLES OF BLISS now bloom to Fancy's eye:
But that no dragon guards their fruits of gold,
'Tis here, he thinks, those blissful islands lie,
Nor doubts the dreams that fabling bards have told.
The bright illusion on his mind imprest,
Hesperian groves he sees the mansion of the blest!

A splendid vision, soon to fade!
Ah might he now the sad reverse behold!
In vain those groves extend their blissful shade,
In vain they glow with vegetable gold!
In vain hath Industry, with noble strife,
O'er sleeping Nature wav'd his potent wand;
And, as her features softened into life,
Smiled o'er the works of his creative hand.
In vain the rising arts unfold their plan,
Whate'er or life adorns, or dignifies the man.

What, tho' Religion's morning-ray
Chase from the western world the shades of night,
In vain, from darkness bursting into day,
Astonish'd tribes adore the wond'rous light.

Must then no more that morning-ray, so pure,
To blinded Ignorance its light supply?
Alas! that Britons should that light obscure!
And quench in blood the day-spring from on high!
From Nature's simple path mislead the blind,
And prompt to deeds of hell the unenlighten'd mind!

Lo! now, arous'd to savage war,
Their horrid rites begin; the chiefs advance:
Hark! their wild orgies echo from afar!
Their songs of death, that time the warrior-dance!
Their orgies ended, forth with silent tread
They steal along beneath the veil of Night:
On coward murder bent, alike they dread
The glare of day or foe prepar'd to fight.

Now with light leaves they strew the trackless way;
Now couching creep along to spring upon their prey.

Perchance, in that unguarded hour
When wearied Nature sinks in sweet repose,
Some parent, bound by Sleep's subduing power,
Awhile forgets his own and country's woes:
Kind Fancy paints to his deluded sight
His infants sporting where no foes molest;
Their looks contemplating with fond delight,
He clasps the smiling mother to his breast.
His lighten'd heart the flattering dream beguiles,
And golden harvests wave, and peace returning smiles.

Ah dream delusive! soon to end!
The human fiends now spread destruction wide:
Hither their desolating course they bend,
With Death that walks in darkness at their side!
The frantic yell, that rends the affrighted air,
Proclaims with savage sound their purpose done—
With rage of hell the mangled limbs they tear!
With rage of hell, from blood to blood they run!
Carnage and conflagration mark their way;
Youth, age, and beauty fall, an unresisting prey.

Yet infants hold no forfeit life—
They, sinless beings! surely 'scape the foe!
Their little hands provoke no hostile strife;
Save smiling innocence, no arms they know!

With tears, that more than speak, they surely move
The murderer's breast, recalling Nature's law;
Or melt to mercy, with their looks of love,
The heart, now milder than the milk they draw!
In vain—their little tears shall nought avail!
Nor smiling innocence—their coat of mail!

And see, where feeble age extends
His nerveless arm! to ward the impending blow
He vainly tries! th' impending blow descends!
Subdu'd he falls beneath th' insulting foe!
Alas! life's evening hop'd a milder close!
Not these the promises that Nature gave!
He fondly thought, with glory to repose
Belov'd and honour'd in the peaceful grave.

His grave alas the vulture shall supply!
Bleach'd by the parching winds his bones unbury'd lie!

Yet beauty meets a milder doom—
Yet female weakness bends the stubborn soul—
In vain or sex shall plead, or beauty bloom:
The furious passions feel no soft controul.
Perchance e'en now, in yon sequester'd bower,
Some maid shall listen to her lover's voice,
In thought anticipate the golden hour,
When holy rites shall sanctify her choice.
Vows of long love she breathes with fondest breath!
Ah! soon to cancel all those vows in death!

E'en now she hears the ambush'd foe:
What sound, she starting cries pervades my ear?
In yonder moonlight glade it lingers slow—
No foe insidious surely lurking near!
Suspect, the youth replies, no base design;
Our safe retreat what prying foe shall find?
'Twas but the whisper of the murmuring pine,
Or distant waters sounding in the wind.
Her fears remov'd, he thinks no danger nigh,
And reads fresh transports in her smiling eye.

Alas! that eye shall smile no more!
No more that lovely cheek with beauty glow!
In graceful negligence no more shall flow
Those waving ringlets stiff with clotted gore!

The wolves of war now rend that flowing hair!
Impending o'er their agonizing prize,
With gnashing unrelenting fangs they tear
The horrid trophy of their victories!
This sees the youth, expiring as he lies,
With aggravated horrors sees and dies!

O BRITONS, fam'd for gentle hearts!
On guilty cheeks let conscious blushes rise!
At deeds like these revolting Nature starts,
And mild Humanity recoils and dies.
In crimes of deepest dye no longer share:
Ungenerous BRITONS, spare your country's shame!
Your injur'd country's faded glory spare,
Nor thus to infamy consign her name!

Be her's the praise, than valour's greater far,
With Clemency's kind hand to sooth the woes of
war.

Vain hope! e'en now new horrors rise!
New modes of brutal warfare unexplor'd!
In English hands the scourge of fury flies,
And flames devour the remnant of the sword.
In English hearts disgraceful triumph reigns,
As wide the streams of Desolation spread,
Not such the CHIEF, that on GERMANIA's plains
His country's valiant sons to victory led!
To conquer less ambitious than to save,
He wash'd with pitying tears th' unwilling
wounds he gave.

Ah! surely dead to human woe
Their iron hearts, that deeds like these approve!
All future hope they surely must forego,
Nor fear a vindicating power above!
And yet—to Heaven they bow the suppliant knee,
And breathe the formal prayer with lips defil'd;
And yet—they lift their blood-stain'd hands to thee,
To thee, meek SAVIOUR, merciful and mild!
And yet—to thee those hands they DARE to shew!
To thee, who did'st COMMAND affection to the foe!

Thou friend of man! at Pity's call
Once more thy spirit in their hearts renew!
And O may Heaven, whose mercy stoops to all,
Their crimes forgive!—they know not what they
do!

In rival breasts awake thy law of love!
From thee all human hope, all comfort springs;
The mutual wound's keen anguish to remove,
Arise once more with healing on thy wings!
So may each doubt dissolve, all discord cease,
And kindred nations bow before the PRINCE OF PEACE!

ODE

TO THE

EARL OF EFFINGHAM,

ON HIS GOING A VOLUNTEER TO THE RELIEF OF GIBRALTAR.

SEVERELY shall the heart repine
That feels its fondest wish suppress'd!
And yet, if joy, approaching to divine,
E'er trills to ecstasy the human breast,
'Tis in the moment when, each trial past,
It feels that fondest wish indulg'd at last.

As streams withheld (a stagnant mass)
No longer cheer a drooping land,
If once the long opposing mound they pass,
Diffusing life and beauty, they expand,
And, as around the liquid splendour pours,
Refresh and fertilize the distant shores.

Such joy is thine: thy ardent soul
No longer mourns her stifled fire,
But, boldly blazing onward to the goal,
To Glory's wreath she prompts thee to aspire;
Bids thee indulge thy generous thirst of fame,
As shoots through every nerve the martial flame.

How ill thy eager spirit bore
So long to count inactive days;
Yet, brooking less to quench in kindred gore
(Unhallowed office!) Freedom's holy rays,

Of just disdain a firm example gave,
And dar'd divide the soldier from the slave.

The virtuous strife Detraction saw,
And, seeing, sighed, in ireful mood.
Ye slaves! that prowl for her insatiate maw!
Ye black aspersers of the brave and good!
Ye hireling scribes of mean and murderous aim!
Ye base assassins of a SIDNEY'S fame!—

Of just disdain, &c.] On the commencement of the American war, a war which he rightly judged to be as unjust in its principle, as it was foretold it would in its consequences be ruinous and disgraceful, his Lordship threw up his commission. His letter to the then Secretary of War, on this subject, is a master-piece in its kind, and may serve as a model to shew how an English Nobleman, or indeed any man, on a like occasion, should think and write.

Why slight ye thus your parent's call?

" On HIM," she cries, " your venom cast!

" On HIM," she cries, " remorseless blood-hounds fall!

" A HOWARD's virtues were a rich repast!"

Abash'd and silent all—his fame resounds

From ALBION's isle to EUROPE's farthest bounds.

While unemploy'd the warrior hand,

Thy spirit, in that trying hour,

Join'd to the chosen few, the patriot band,

Broke the firm phalanx of insidious power;

From Albion's isle, &c.] At an early period of life his Lordship signalized himself as a volunteer on board the Russian fleet, in the memorable engagement with the Turks, in the Archipelago, July 6, 1770, when the whole (one ship excepted that was taken) of the Turkish fleet was burnt in Cisme Bay, on the coast of Natolia.

And, where, with covert guile, she lurking lay,
Flash'd on her dark designs resistless day.

This victory won, a foreign foe
Thy restless courage now demands:
Fearless of toils or death, 'tis thine to go
Where ELLIOT animates his veteran bands;
And prodigal of life as fond of fame,
To build on daring deeds a deathless name.

In vain would Pleasure's syren song
Allure thee from thy fix'd design;
In vain the pow'r that rules the abject throng
Shall point where Terror's countless forms combine
To chill the warrior's rage: alike thy soul
Slights Pleasure's syren song, and Fear's controul.

With pride thy country sees thee keep
Thy steady course. The truly brave
Then most, when Danger's breath deforms the deep,
Delights to launch on Glory's buoyant wave:
He marks, with mind serene, the tempest rise,
And courts the storm that lifts him to the skies.

ODE

FROM THE LATIN OF MR. GRAY.

WRITTEN AT THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

O THOU, the genius of this wild retreat,
This rude magnificence of Nature's reign!
O grant me, if thine ear I rightly greet,
The calm repose I long have lov'd in vain!
The splendid wonders of the scene declare
No trivial Deity's presiding care.

Deriding Phidian art and burnish'd gold,
A shrine how vast, how rich, how grand, supply
The awful precipice, abrupt and bold,
The cliff sublime, that leaves the wearied eye,
Forests, no human footstep can pervade,
The torrent's thunder, and the night of shade!

For me, tho' fate forbid me to assuage
In kindred glooms the pangs that youth annoy,
Be mine at least, to sooth the hours of age,
These scenes of silent solitary joy!
Secluded and secure from vulgar strife,
Here let me end the toil, and lose the cares of life!

ODE

TO SLEEP.

Sleep, thy balmy aid apply!
Calm to rest my wakeful woes!
Sorrow's cheek, O gently dry!
Sorrow's eye in slumber close!

Fancy, then, shall hold her reign;
Hope shall sooth the pensive mind;
Stella then shall smile again;
Stella shall again be kind!

Lost to all we most adore,
What has life that's worth our care?
Sleep, to my fond arms restore
STELLA, faithful, kind, and fair!

But, tho' once so fair and kind,
Should those dreams of love be past!
Ah then! what solace may I find?
Still let me sleep—and sleep my last!

YOUTH AND AGE.

AN ODE.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF CHEVALIER EDELCRANTZ.

MINION of happiness! to-day
'Tis yours in life's smooth path to stray,
While Youth and Health, twin sisters, bring
The bloomy progeny of Spring,
A chaplet for your brow to weave;
While Hope, that smiles but to deceive,
With sportive pinion fans the air,
Nor lets you see the growing care.

The senses on your dazzled sight
Unlock the sluices of delight,
Deluge your heart with floods of joy,
Suspecting not that they shall cloy.
Soon as the morning drinks the dew,
And flings around her roseate hue,
For you the groves their sweets prepare,
And new-blown roses scent the air;
For you the groves their music breathe,
And form for you the festive wreath.
The flowing goblet to entwine;
Where of the rich Burgundian vine
The juice nectarious, sparkling bright,
Invites you with its ruby light.
Now jocund mirth and song abound,
And tales of heroes now go round,

Those heroes of the Swedish name,
Whose deeds revived their country's fame;
Whose blood, profusely flowing, dyed
With streams of glory Finland's tide.
Now love your bounding heart engages;
In every vein the tempest rages,
Reason in chains of dalliance bound,
Each sense in sweet delirium drown'd,
Clasp'd in the Elysium of her arms,
You revel on the fair-one's charms,
Nor dream, while thus entranced you lie,
The rose of pleasure e'er shall die!
Mistaken youth! with quick decay
The rose of pleasure dies away!
An insect of the summer hour,
You bask upon a transient flower;

Fast fall its leaves, they perish all!
And with the falling leaf you fall!
Mistaken youth! your dreams are o'er,
And exultation is no more!
As o'er the slumberer in the vale
Unnoticed steals the passing gale,
So unperceived your moments slide,
Silent on wings of air they glide;
Days, months, and years, with hurried haste
Pass on, their very track untraced!
With equal speed the pleasures too
Their unremitting flight pursue.
In vain would you impede their pace,
And win them back to your embrace;
Mere unsubstantial forms, alas!
Now only seen in Memory's glass!

And even there how soon to fade,
As Time's dark wings extend their shade!
Ah now, what pangs your bosom share!
See Pain, and Grief, and Want, and Care,
Anxiety, that gnaws the heart,
And Self-reproach's burning smart,
And wild unsatisfied Desire,
All, all against your peace conspire!
Time on your locks his snow has spread,
The roses on your cheeks are dead,
There Sorrow digs, with hand severe,
A furrow for the falling tear!
  Unthinking sorrower, cease to mourn!
Tho' late, Reflection may return,
Reason again resume her seat,
Calm Wisdom from her still retreat

Once more her precepts may impart,
And Friendship hold you to her heart!
Its foliage scatter'd by the wind,
Yet on the tree remains behind
Autumnal fruit, that shall adorn
The leafless branches tempest-torn.

SONNET.

WRITTEN

UNDER A STATUE OF HYMEN, 1779.

No suppliant votary at thy modest shrine
For promis'd bliss delay'd assails thine ear;
Grateful I own thy choices gifts are mine,
Thy gifts, increasing still thro' many a year!
Peace, Health, and Ease, and unreprov'd Delight,
And calm Contentment, form thy gentle train;
Love waves his light winds, joyous at the sight,
Proud to partake with thee thy easy reign.

Fanning thy golden torch, he smiles to see
His fairest promises fulfil'd by thee!
Still may that golden torch diffuse its light!
By Love's soft pinions fan'd, still glow more bright!
Thro' latest years extend its cheering ray,
And gild the gathering gloom of Life's expiring day!

SONNET.

O LOV'D in Life with passion's fond excess!
With equal passion mourn'd in Death's embrace!
How oft thy dear idea do I trace
Thro' all the trying scenes of past distress!
Still to my lips thy clay-cold hand I press;
Still listening hear thy last expiring breath;
Still mark thy closing eye, that spoke in death;
Then sink, subdued with grief that mocks redress!
And yet, dear shade, ah why should I complain
That thus thy dying image I retain?

Since, to each idle joy the heart can know,
I still prefer this luxury of woe;
Nor yet thy dear idea wou'd resign,
To feast on living charms, and call the fairest mine.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING D——

IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR, 1786.

HERE first, with fond regard, I saw the maid
That fix'd my wandering heart; benignly mild
Here first on Love's ecstatic hopes she smil'd;
And here her yielded hand that love repaid—
The scene how long endear'd by Memory's aid!
With recollected joys no more beguiled,
Ah why then heaves my heart with sorrows wild,
Here where the scene of all those joys was laid!

Alas! my sorrows too are dated here:
Here did I shuddering mark her frame consume:
And here, Oh agony of thought severe!
The wife I lov'd is mouldering in the tomb!
To me thus rob'd of all I held so dear,
The world's a solitude, and life is gloom.

SONNET.

THEY tell me, Time, that thou can'st soothe my woe;
Thy hand, they boast, (how vain the boast appears!)
Shall quickly stem the current of these tears,
That thus in bitterness of anguish flow.
Alas! oblivious power, they little know
That griefs like mine each moment more endears,
As Memory paints the joys of former years;
The joys I now for ever must forego!
Could'st thou, indeed, O Time, thy course retrace,
Thy footsteps measuring back with rapid pace,

Could'st thou, renewing all the zest of life,
Restore the friend, the mistress, and the wife;
Ah then, I grant, thy hand might bring relief,
Then might tranquillity succeed to grief!

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1790.

FAR in the west, beneath th' horizon's bound,
When Man first saw the new-made sun retire,
And, as he thought, in endless night expire,
How sunk his heart, while darkness pour'd around!
What hours of anguish was he doom'd to brave
Thro' that dread night of horror and dismay,
Till morning brought the unexpected day!
With like dismay I saw the star of Love

Sink, as I thought, to shine no more on me!
Lo! now emerging from the shades of night,
That star returns, in morning splendor bright,
And, dearest Susan, lights my steps to thee!
Hope, Joy, and Ecstasy he brings again,
With Youth and matchless Beauty in his train.

SONNET.

TO SIR WILLIAM JONES,

ON HIS BEING A CANDIDATE TO REPRESENT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD IN PARLIAMENT, 1780.

In Learning's field, diversified and wide,
The narrow beaten track is all we trace:
How few, like thee, of that unmeasur'd space
Can boast, and justly boast, no part untried!
Yet rest not here alone thy honest pride,
The pride that prompts thy literary chace;
With unremitting strength and rapid pace
'Tis thine to run, and scorn to be denied!

Thy early Genius, spurning Time's controul,
Had reach'd, ere others start, the distant goal.
Marking the bright career that thou hast run,
With due regard thy toils may OXFORD see,
And, justly proud of her superior son,
Repay the honour that she boasts in thee.

SONNET.

TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS ESSAY ON HISTORY, 1780.

WHETHER thy Muse instruct us to discern
The laws that guide to Fame th' historic train;
Or paint, with rival power, a sister's reign;
Or, fondly sharing in thy soft concern,
Pour o'er departed Friendship's silent urn
The soothing sorrows of her pensive strain—
Alike she pleases. With repeated gain,
HAYLEY, thy captivating page I turn!

Not that the lustre of thy letter'd fame
Alone compels a stranger's just applause:
A heart that glows with Freedom's holy flame,
That pants in Virtue's, Truth's, and Nature's cause,
Is thine—or never may we hope to find
Ingenuous verse the mirror of the mind.

SONNET.

TO MR. WARTON.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1776.

WARTON, the wonder of a thankless age!
Thine are the varied gifts, the skill divine
To strike the solemn lyre with PINDAR's rage;
Learning and Wit, with LUCIAN, to combine;
Or dig, unwearied in thy toilsome mine,
Antiquity, with wealth time-hidden fraught;
From dust and dross the purer ore refine,
And pick with patient care the spars of thought.

Ah say, what fair reward confirms thy fame?
Alas! regardless of thy evening hour,
Unletter'd Envy bars thy titled claim,
And suppler Virtue wins the smile of power!
And yet, when Power's proud pageantry is past,
And Envy's snakes are dead, thy Name shall last!

SONNET.

TO DR. WATSON,

(NOW BISHOP OF LANDAFF.)

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS FAST SERMON, 1780.

THERE are who, plac'd on Life's important stage,
Waste in scholastic war their idle strength,
Or dream dull days away of tedious length,
In learned trifling most profoundly sage!
Accomplish'd WATSON, wider views engage
Thy active thought, thy comprehensive mind!
Truth, liberty, and love of human-kind,
And mild religion animate thy page.

Philanthropy, that knows no selfish part,
And more than patriot passion warms thy heart.
Of mean and servile soul, Detraction raves,
Nor brooks the favourite of the good and wise;
But, these applauding, well may'st thou despise
The reptile race of prostituted slaves.

SONNET.

TO DR. THURLOW,

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

Nor that the mitre's rays thy brows adorn,
(The mitre oft has grac'd unworthy brows!
Confirm'd by History's indignant scorn,
The painful truth the honest Muse avows)
Not that to thee are giv'n, deny'd to most,
Superior talents, Nature's noblest prize!
Nor yet that these, her splendid gifts, can boast
The added polish Learning's toil supplies,

(Though these the basis of no common fame)
That hence a judging world reveres thy name :
A heart, that Heaven approves, how rare to find !
A heart expanding wide to all mankind !
A breast that knows no restless passion's strife !
Consistent manners, and a blameless life!

SONNET.

TO A LIBERTINE FRIEND.

Ah friend! no longer with thyself at strife,
Time, health, and happiness, and fortune waste!
Form'd for domestic hours and social life,
Grasp not the bliss that palls upon the taste,
And dies—vile intercourse of harlots vile!
Be thine the joys that Reason may approve,
By Virtue heighten'd; sweet is Virtue's smile!
Sweet the endearments of connubial love!

In vain I counsel, vainly I implore—
The varied banquet still thy partial theme!
Mistaken friend! what can the maniac more?
He, parch'd with thirst and robb'd of Reason's beam,
Spurns the pure nectar of the lucid stream,
To quaff the drainage of the common shore.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR, 1793.

With sails expanding to the gales of Hope,
My vent'rous bark pursued her leading star;
Her's was a voyage of no common scope,
A voyage of discovery, distant far!
To bright Invention's intellectual clime
In search of USEFUL ARTS, 'twas mine to roam.
I reach'd the objects of my views sublime,
And, richly freighted bore the cargo home.

My friends, expectant, fill the crowded strand;
But, ere I gain the shore, what storms arise!
My vessel founders, e'en in sight of land,
And now a wreck upon the beach she lies!
Firm, tho' submissive, the sad wreck I see,
"Nor think the doom of man must be revers'd for me!"

WRITTEN IN THE SAME YEAR.

When Fortune smil'd, my friends how kind and true!
Those friends, when fortune frown'd, alas how few!
Hurt tho' I am, yet why should I repine,
While Susan's unabating love is mine?
Of this possest I wealth nor friendship need;
Of this depriv'd, I should be poor indeed!

AD SOMNUM.

Somne levis, quamquam certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori!
Alma quies, optata veni, nam sic, sine vitâ,
Vivere quam suave est, sic, sine morte, mori!

IMITATED.

Sleep, tho' death thou dost resemble,
Still I court thy shadowy aid!
Fear nor hope shall make me tremble,
In thy lap oblivious laid.

Then, while on my pillow lying
Envied bliss O let me share!
Death, without the pangs of dying,
Life without the load of care!

A BIRTH-DAY EPIGRAM,

NOV. 5, 1797.

Not once the Sun had deign'd to shine,
My Susan, thro' this day so drear;
'Tis yet, save that which made thee mine,
To me the brightest of the year.

This day first saw those eyes so blue
Their fascinating beams display—
Blest day! to come with rapture new,
Yet never steal a charm away!

THE EXTENT OF

SYMPATHETIC AFFLICTION.

AN ELEGIAC EPIGRAM.

In tears dissolved, her friend Philander dead,
The chaste Selina every comfort scorns!
Tears too her sympathising husband shed—
He could no more, he could not shed his Horns!

ON ITS BEING SARCASTICALLY OBSERVED THAT DR. MILLER HAD LOCKED UP A FIELD, IN WHICH WAS NOTHING VALUABLE BUT A SAND PIT.

In miller this is surely nothing rare;
His sand he always husbanded with care.
A grain he suffers not to run to waste,
Who lives to Friendship, Genius, and to Taste.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A

BUST OF FRANCIS LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

By days and years alone if life we scan,
Bedford, how short was thy contracted span!
And yet, if measured by thy virtuous deeds,
Thy span, tho' short, a Patriarch's age exceeds!

That life was thine which dignifies high birth:
Its brilliant course proclaim'd thy matchless worth;
Its crowded space thy energy of mind;
Its toils and cares thy love of human kind.

With kindred chiefs enroll'd, thy patriot name
Shall stand recorded in the lists of fame;
While future Russels, in the generous strife
Of virtuous ardour, emulate thy life!

THE END.

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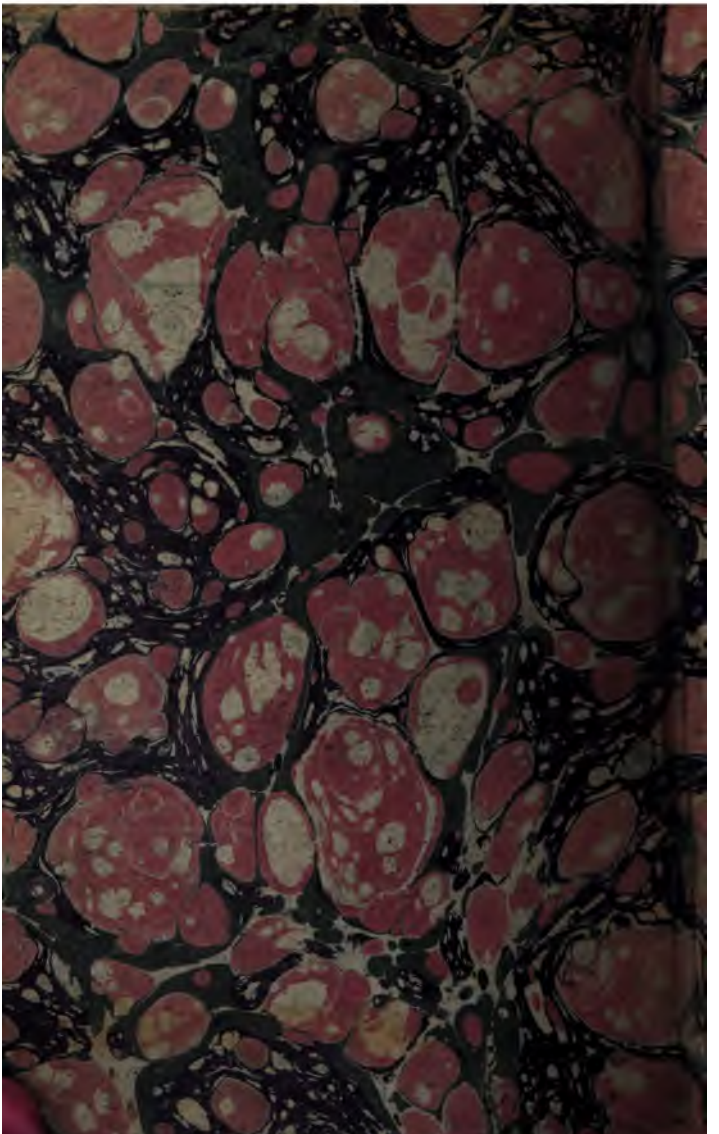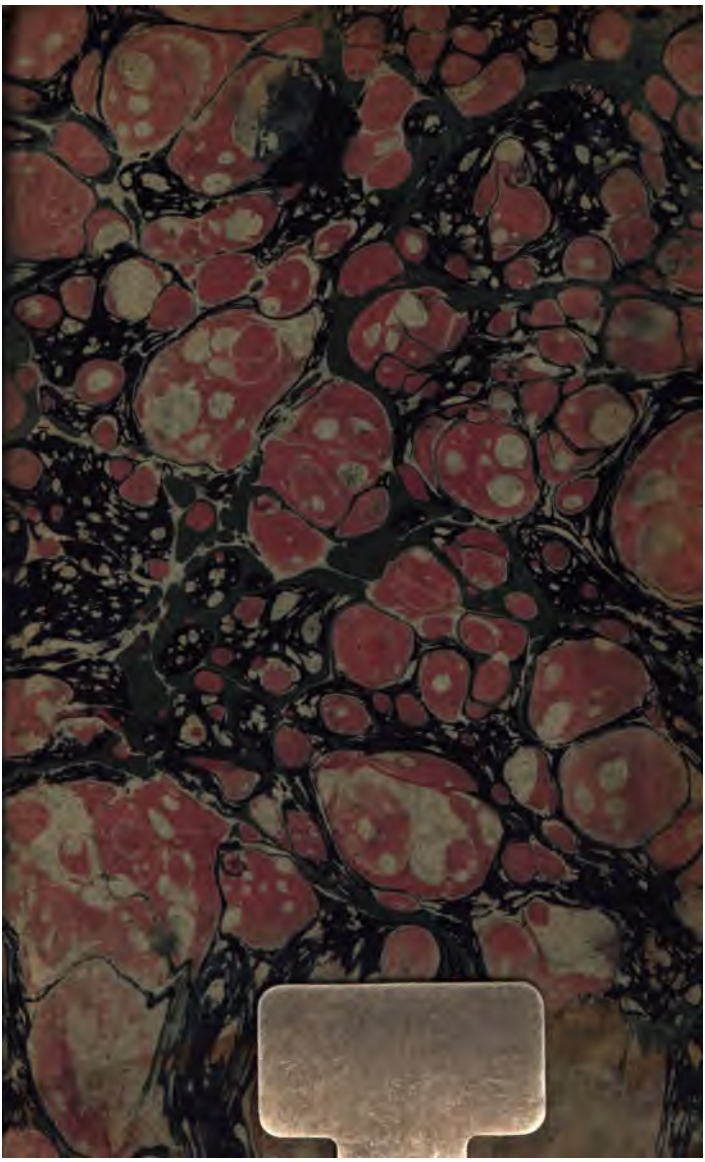
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